

Sunless Hours.

Again the night is wild with rain;
Again, distracted, with the gale;
Upon the hills I hear a wail
Of lamentation and of pain.
As when, on some high burial place,
Mourning among the windy graves,
The Indian squaws lament the braves,
Who fell in battle for their race.
Another day of storm shall dawn
Within the east, and darkly lit,
Its brows of storm abstraction knit,
Absorbed in moody thoughts pass on.
Hear not too hard, is all I ask,
Upon the hearts that toll and yearn!
O despotism of days that spurn
All gladness, with your frowning mask!
—Madison Cawein, "Intimations of the Beautiful."



The Skeleton in His Closet

By STACY E. BAKER

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The soul-racking tale poured into the ears of little Ethel Murray could result only in one thing—a mistake promptly penned to the profligate Emory Jarvis, assuring him that she had learned all, and asking to be released from the engagement.

"I know of the skeleton in your closet," wrote Ethel (here she applied a dainty bit of cambric to streaming eyes ordinarily as sunshiny and blue as the sky of a June morning). "I am surprised at you! Had you come to me and told me all, I feel that I could have forgiven you—but never, now that I find the truth through other people, I return herewith your ring."

The rest of the letter was a rambling plaint, save on one subject—the engagement existing between these two must be considered past history. That was plain.

For more than a year the daughter of Burgess Murray, the biggest man politically in the community, and Emory Jarvis, a clerk in Glendon's drug store, had been making plans for a future that would embrace them both. Jarvis was an ambitious young fellow, well liked by every one, and seemingly having the best of habits.

Ethel had believed in him thoroughly until the gossiping tongue of old Mrs. Pollet had disclosed certain things that no girl of spirit could tolerate in her fiancé. Therefore the return of the handsome suitor that she had so proudly worn and the letter to her betrothed asking for her release.

Jarvis read the lines in the seclusion of the little prescription room in the rear of the drug shop and his dark



"I know of the Skeleton in Your Closet," wrote Ethel.

eyes clouded as he vainly strove to solve the cause of the maiden's anger. "She couldn't be cross about a little thing like this," he ruminated. "I wonder how she found it out, anyway?"

That evening Jarvis called up the girl. She was not at home. During the ensuing week he made several other fruitless attempts to see her.

It was after this that the lie of the youth assumed significant proportions. "My dear Ethel," wrote Jarvis, "I know, and you have not been at home. Patience has ceased to be the proverbial virtue, and I shall not try to see you again. I am done. I release you from the engagement, as you ask. I also acknowledge the skeleton in my closet, but why a normal-minded maid should take this amiss is beyond me. If anything, my dear, I am rather proud of it."

Ethel positively stormed when she read this communication. She clinched her fists until the nails bit cruelly into the tender flesh and angrily tossed her little blonde head.

"I shall never, never have anything more to do with you," she complained bitterly. "The very brazenness of that Emory Jarvis—to say that a 'normal-minded' girl shouldn't take such things amiss. I'm sure no girl with common sense would allow her fiancé to act in that scandalous manner. Anyway, I'm glad it's all over." To prove this, Ethel burst into convulsive sobs and had a flushed and tear-wet face in a convenient pillow.

Weeks passed, but the two erst-while lovers seemed hopelessly estranged. Ethel made no attempt to revive the wound caused by her letter,

nor did Jarvis try to explain away the misunderstanding.

Gradually the gossip in the little town—and there were many—grew accustomed to the new order of things, and everybody ceased to interest themselves in the affairs of the young couple.

It was a month after this that old Pollet (he was a portly butcher, owning the meat shop next to the drug emporium) ventured to incorporate something of a remark that caught the youth's puzzled interest.

"What was that?" demanded Jarvis, ears metaphorically a-cock. "Just repeat that last sentence."

"I said," came from the butcher, "that that there book I've been reading—'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'—reminds me of your doings." He poked a pudgy forefinger playfully into the ribs of the youth.

"You'll have to be more explicit," snapped the drug clerk. "I can't understand. What are you driving at?" "Can't understand, eh?" commented the other, sourly. He was angry at the tone of the lad. "Well, I guess I can put it plainer, all right. I mean that you tried to play double just like that Jekyll-Hyde fellow did. Every evening after you called on the girl you was engaged to, you went straight to the house of old Doc. Blyly to see his daughter. My wife she seen you do it time and again, she did."

The dull red stained the face of the angry butcher. "She's the one that put a crimp in you, too. Ethel Murray is too fine a girl to be galavanting around with a young fellow that she thinks thinks a heap of her, and all the while he don't, but is making her out a fool by sneaking away from her house to call on another girl."

"So it was your wife that caused this trouble between Ethel and me, was it? Pity she can't learn to attend to her own affairs, isn't it?"

The butcher, his mind relieved, stamped heavily out of the drug store, but he left a knowing youth behind him. Mrs. Pollet was a gossip monger of some notoriety in the community. She resided just opposite the Blyly home, and now that the late meat man had given him his cue, Jarvis could understand many things.

That evening, his heavy jaws set firmly and his broad shoulders thrown defiantly back, the drug clerk mounted the steps to the Murray home and rang the bell.

Ethel answered the summons. An angry flush dotted her cheeks when she saw who her visitor was, but Emory ignored these trouble signs, and pushed by her and into the familiar parlor.

"I am here to explain," began Jarvis. "Mrs. Pollet's loquacious husband has just told things, and I think I understand."

"I don't care for explanation," interrupted little Miss Murray formally. "Nevertheless," persisted Jarvis, patiently, "you are about to receive them. Listen, dear, I have never called on Millie Blyly in my life—let alone after I left here. When you referred to the skeleton in my closet, I took the phrase literally. There is a skeleton in my closet—a six-foot skeleton of a man that Dr. Blyly loaned me to aid me in my studies, because—well, I'm studying medicine with him, you see. I don't want to be a drug clerk all my life. I—"

But here his late fiancée, face ashen, interrupted his sentence in a very pleasing way.

Financier by Inheritance.

Joseph Morgan, J. P. Morgan's paternal grandfather, fought in Washington's army until the Revolution closed, and then settled down to farming near the village of Hartford. He made money enough to invest it in stage lines and eventually rose to the control of the chief roads of transportation in the state. Hartford, during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, had a great prosperity as the center of long-distance traffic, the main line of stage from New York to Boston passing through the city. Hartford also held the key to the trade of the Connecticut River valley, northward nearly, or quite, to the border of Canada. Innumerable taverns were sprinkled along the countryside, and Joseph Morgan also dipped into this thriving business. Later he opened a large hotel in Hartford, the City hotel, and soon afterward began to figure as a capitalist in connection with the Aetna Fire Insurance company of that city. From the Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan in the Metropolitan Magazine.

UNABLE TO MOVE.

Helpless With Kidney Trouble But Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

M. C. Walker, 933 Grand Ave., Connersville, Ind., says: "For ten years I suffered from kidney complaint and was on the verge of Bright's disease. I was often so helpless I could not move and neighbors two blocks away heard me scream with pain. I had no control over the kidney secretions and the pain in my back was almost unbearable. After several physicians had failed to help me, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon relieved. I have had no return of kidney trouble in five years." Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Looking After the Eggs.
Lady Betty, who is 4 years old and never misses a trick, was taken the other evening to a restaurant for her supper, and with all the importance and sprightly dignity of her years calmly ordered poached eggs on toast. While the little family group was awaiting its service the "kiddie" amused herself by looking out of the window, pressing against a screen to get a closer view of something below. She was warned by her mother that the screen might give way and let her fall to the sidewalk, perhaps injuring her terribly. She drew away, thought a minute, and then said naively: "Would I fall if the screen went out?" "You certainly would," was her mother's reply. "And would I get awful hurt?" "Very likely." "Then what would the man do with the eggs?"

A Very Good Guess.

Footie Lighte—I understand there were several dozen had eggs in the possession of persons in the audience last night and not one was thrown. Miss Sue Brette—Because the author of the piece refused to show himself, I guess.

WANTED 'EM BACK.



The Barber—Some hair restorer, dr?
Man in Chair—Yes, if it'll restore the hairs you've just rubbed off.

PUTS STOMACHS IN ORDER.
No Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or Dyspepsia Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

There should not be a case of indigestion, dyspepsia or gastritis here if readers who are subject to Stomach trouble knew the tremendous antiferment and digestive virtue contained in Diapepsin. This harmless preparation will digest a heavy meal without the slightest fuss or discomfort, and relieve the most acute acid stomach in five minutes, besides overcoming all foul, nauseous odors from the breath. If your stomach is sour and full of gas, or your food doesn't digest, and your meal don't seem to fit, why not get a 50-cent case of Papo's Diapepsin from any druggist here in town, and make life worth living. Absolute relief from Stomach misery and perfect digestion of anything you eat is sure to follow five minutes after, and besides, one fifty-cent case is sufficient to cure a whole family of such trouble. Surely, a harmless, inexpensive preparation like Papo's Diapepsin, which will always either at daytime or during night, relieve your sick, sour, gassy, upset stomach and digest your meals, is about as handy and valuable a thing as you could have in the house.

Taking His Meals Out.

"And do you take your meals out?" asks the village probe, who is garnering information from the former resident who is home from the city for a few days. "Not until after I have eaten them," wearily responds the unwilling victim.—Judge.

Beautiful Post Cards Free.

Send 2c stamp for five samples of our very best Gold and Silver Finish Birthday Flower and Motto Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Co., 731 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

Fortunate is the man who wants only what he can get.

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker a rich, mellow-tasting 5c cigar.

Many a fellow does all his betting with his mouth.

CHANGED HIS MIND.



Oliver O'Grady.
Mrs. Ferndale—We haven't any eggs, but I can get some if you want them very bad?
Summerboard—Never mind, I don't care for that kind.

Little Myra Explains.

Little Myra Lee had been in school but a few days when her mother had occasion to write a note to the teacher, and signed herself Mrs. Kent. Thinking she might have misunderstood the child's name, the teacher asked an explanation. "Oh," said Myra, with a charmingly confidential air, "you see, my mamma got married again but I didn't."—Lippincott's.

You Can Tell by Faces.

Cheerful Pessimist—Well, how's things these days?
Dolorous Optimist—All right. Lots of work, money coming in hand over fist! Can't complain a bit!
Cheerful Pessimist—Well, that's certainly good news! Now with me things are simply rotten!—Puck.

Resinol in Three Weeks Does What Other Remedies Failed to Do in Four Months.

My baby's face was like a raw and bleeding piece of meat. I was at my wits' ends what to do. Medicine from three physicians and ointment recommended seemed to make the Eczema worse. Then another mother spoke of Resinol, which I procured at once—remember I had no more faith in it than in all the rest I had tried—but I thought it would be wasting only 50c more. Never did I spend 50c to better advantage, for the first and second days I noticed a remarkable change, and now at the end of the third week I have my pretty blue eyed, rosy checked, cooling baby well again. I am safe in saying he is perfectly cured and the cure was surely something remarkable. Your Soap and Ointment did in three weeks what everything else I tried failed to do in four months. My baby was positively disfigured, now his complexion is all right again.

Mrs. H. F. Clemmer, Sunbury, Pa. Where He Fell Down.
Mr. Crimmonbeak—I see Budapest has a school where the students are taught the art of eating.
Mrs. Crimmonbeak—You ought to arrange to go there, John.
"What for?"
"And take a course in spaghetti eating."—Yonkers Statesman.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Mass Play Modified.

City Editor—Any radical changes for the better in football this season? Sporting Writer—Verily. In understanding that not more than one ticket speculator will be allowed to tackle a single patron at the same time.—Puck.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. L. Douglas*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Unfraternal.

"It seems cruel to slaughter all those pigs for the market," said the Chicago girl.

"I know that it's cruel," replied Miss Cayenne. "But when you think of what the packers charge for the meat it does seem a little unfraternal."

Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much, but mighty disagreeable. You're no idea how quickly a little Hamlin's Wizard Oil will lubricate the cords and make you comfortable again.

The spinster is handicapped in one respect. She can't tell all the things she knows the way a married woman can.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They die in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

The man who deceives himself is an easy mark for others.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, cures colic, cures whooping cough, cures all the troubles of infancy.

A girl is worth all it costs to raise her—and it always costs it.

Back to the Wild.

There was a time when all dogs were wild and when what we call wolves were different from other dogs only as a collie now is different from a Newfoundland, for instance. From time to time you will hear of dogs that have returned to the life of their ancestors and have run wild with the wolves of the prairie or of the woods. In the town of Sandy in Oregon a greyhound one night made the acquaintance of a coyote, which is a kind of wolf, and ever since he has lived away from the town, running with the coyotes and approaching human dwelling places only to steal a hen or two when he has been more than usually hungry.

Supreme Test.

"I thought you said this bathing suit was in fast colors," said Binks, indignantly, to the bathing master of whom he had bought his dollar suit that morning.

"Yes, that's what I said," returned the bathing master.

"Well, every blessed stripe on the blooming thing has come off on my back," retorted Binks.

"Ah, but wait until you try to get 'em off your back," smiled the bathing master, suavely. "Then you'll see."—Harper's Weekly.

There are times when the still, small voice of conscience seems tongue-tied.

NOT WORRYING.



Guest—Scientists claim that in a million years this earth will be a mass of ice.

Proprietor Summer Hotel—Oh! well I'll be out of the summer-hotel business by that time, I hope.

One of the Producers.

"You should endeavor to do something for the comfort of your fellow-men," said the philanthropist, "without thought of reward."

"I do. I buy umbrellas instead of borrowing them."

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Cresson, Pa.—"Five years ago I had a bad fall, and hurt myself inwardly. I was under a doctor's care for nine weeks, and when I stopped I grew worse again. I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it as directed, and now I am a stout, hearty woman."—Mrs. Ella E. Alkey, Cresson, Pa.

Baird, Wash.—"A year ago I was sick with kidney and bladder troubles and female weakness. The doctors gave me up. All they could do was to just let me go as easily as possible. I was advised by friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am completely cured of my ill, and I am nearly sixty years old."—Mrs. Sarah Leighton, Baird, Wash.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ill. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



W. L. DOUGLAS

'3 '3.50 & '4 SHOES FOR MEN

BOYS' SHOES, \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.

W. L. Douglas 25, 30, 35, 40 and 45, 50 shoes are positively the best made and most popular shoes for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy.

Do you realize that I have been the standard for over 20 years, that I make and sell more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U. S., and that DOLLAR, FIVE DOLLAR, TEN DOLLAR, FIFTY DOLLAR, and \$100 shoes are all better, and wear longer than any other \$3.00, \$3.50 or \$4.00 shoes you can buy? Quality counts. It has made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD.

You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last ones were so well, and gave you so much comfort.

CAUTION! None genuine without W. L. Douglas. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalogue.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



MAPLEINE

A FLAVOR that is used the same as lemon or vanilla. It dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers, but 3c stamp for sample and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They die in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

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A girl is worth all it costs to raise her—and it always costs it.

SPORN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Cochen, Ind., U. S. A.

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA OREOLE" HAIR RESTORER. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.